



What Could've Been by McDiggin'It

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Summary: Steve doesn't show up and interrupt Nancy and Jonathan's conversation while they're waiting for the demogorgon. A blossoming romance happens. Just some cuteness and fluff! Jancy!

A/N: Was anyone else super annoyed when Steve showed up at Jonathan's house and interrupted Nancy and Jonathan's conversation? No one?.. No?.. okay. Well I was angry with Steve then, because it looked like something serious was about to happen before he interrupted. Had he not showed up, this is what I imagine would've happened.

Hope you all like this fic! R&R!

-McDiggin'It

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The air is cold and the cut in his hand stings a bit, but Jonathan doesn't really care about any of that as Nancy Wheeler wraps the bandage around his palm.

It's suddenly eerily quiet, save for the soft sound of his own breathing. He runs his thumb over Nancy's hand as she rests it in his palm, gently running her fingers over the bandage.

With a soft voice, he finally speaks. "Nancy?"

She looks up at him through her lashes. "Yeah?"

His chest aches at how pretty she is when she does that. She's always been the prettiest girl to him. He looks back down at their touching hands as he says, "When all of this is over, I know we'll have to go back to our separate lives, and... I want you to know that despite the circumstances that brought us together, I'm really glad to have spent these past few days with you."

Nancy nearly melts through the couch at his words and tone. If she

learned anything over the past few days, it's that when the world is going to shit, she wants to spend that time with this boy. The boy who everyone thought was a cowardly creep. The boy who her so-called friends hated for absolutely no reason.

They didn't know Jonathan the way she does now. She thought they were right about him, but they were all wrong. He's sweet, and kind, gentle, and smart, brave, and caring, funny, and understanding. He sees the world through the lens of a camera. He learns more about people from one picture, than anyone else can know from real human interactions.

This boy, who pulled at her heartstrings when she saw him posting up flyers at school for his missing brother, had chosen to believe her about Barb when no one else would have. She's so glad he's the one she's doing this with. She knew, right then and there, that she really truly cares for him. She cares for him in a way that she'd never cared for anyone else. Not even Steve.

Jonathan looks down at their hands again, and sighs ever so softly. Nancy realizes with a jolt that she hadn't said anything in response to what he'd just said.

"I—".

"Nancy, I—".

They both pause, looking at each other. Each one blushes and shakes their head, gesturing for the other to go first.

Nancy smiles at Jonathan and tells him, "No, finish what you were saying."

Jonathan nods and smiles shyly at her. "I just— whatever happens tonight, I want you to know that I didn't mean what I said in the forest about you being like every other suburban girl in this godforsaken town." He looks longingly at her. "You're different. You've always been different to me, and I— I guess that's why I took your picture when I saw you at Steve's house."

Nancy's eyebrows furrow confusedly for a moment. "Because I was

different?"

Jonathan sighs, he didn't think it would be this difficult to explain anything to anyone... but it's Nancy. He shakes his head. "Because I knew that if anyone is going to make it out of this town, it's you." He says truthfully, and he watches Nancy practically beam at that. "We're juniors in High school, Nancy. I figured that after 16 years of living in the same town, going to the same school, having little brothers who are best friends, and having never said a word to each other within that time, it was never going to happen." He shrugs. "I guess I wanted to keep something of yours with me when you leave. Even if it's just a picture."

"Of me in a bra." She grins at him.

Jonathan blushes and smiles sheepishly at her. "Well I couldn't ask you not to take off your shirt." He deadpans softly.

Nancy actually laughs at that. She pushes playfully at his chest, watching his face brighten and a cute smile form on his lips. "Well..." She trails off and takes a deep breath. She feels emboldened by the way he's looking so intensely at her. "Maybe when this is over and we're both still alive, you could," She shrugs and looks away shyly. "take a better picture of me." She glances at him through her lashes again and catches a look of surprise on his face. "I mean... if you want to."

"Erm... Yeah. I— I'd like that."

Nancy looks around the living room warily before looking back at Jonathan. "You know, I— I think we'll be hanging out a lot more from now on." She says honestly.

Jonathan gives her a questioning look. "I don't think your boyfriend and friends will like that very much."

Nancy shakes her head and sighs softly. "I don't think I have a boyfriend anymore." She shrugs, "And Tommy and Carol are Steve's friends. Not mine." She goes quiet for a moment, then adds sadly, "Barb was my only real friend."

Jonathan nods and gives her an apologetic look. "I'm really sorry about Barb. She— she was always nice to me."

Nancy nods and smiles. "That's Barb. She's kind, understanding, and always nice to everyone." she looks down, feeling tears begin to well up in her eyes.

Jonathan has no clue what to do in situations like this, but he *does* know that whenever his mom or brother was having a hard time, he would comfort them in the only way he knew how. Scooting in closer, he wraps his arm around Nancy's back and pulls her in for a gentle hug. He nearly stops breathing when he feels Nancy wrap her own arms around his torso and pull him in even closer. He says nothing and presses his lips on top of her head. Her hair smells like vanilla and strawberries, which reminds him of Spring for some reason. Just as he's about to say something comforting along the lines of 'It'll be okay', he stops himself when he feels Nancy's arm move from his back to his stomach, then up to his chest.

He braces himself for a push, and for her to tell him off for trying to get too close to her, but instead, he feels Nancy's fingers grip his shirt. He pulls away slowly, breathing just a tad labored as his eyes searches Nancy's face for an expression that will tell him exactly what's going through her mind. His heart hammers inside his chest as he finds her warm blue eyes staring wide-eyed at him. He goes to offer a smile, but then the oddest thing happens.

His brain, he swears on his life, stops working as soon as Nancy leans up and presses her soft, supple lips against his own. All the blood leaves his brain and rushes south as Nancy suddenly opens her mouth and deepens the kiss. He kisses her back urgently as she pushes him lightly onto his back and climbs into his lap. Jonathan groans as she grinds herself down on top of him, and he has to grip her hips in his hands to keep her from repeating the action. For some godforsaken reason, thoughts begin to form and circulate around his brain, and he does the stupidest thing he has ever done in his entire existence. He pulls away and stares at Nancy in a sort of dazed way.

Nancy blinks rapidly as she looks at him, her own breath just as labored as Jonathan's. "What? Why'd you stop?"

Jonathan looks around, then up at the christmas lights hanging from the ceiling. He looks back at Nancy and gives her an apologetic look. "Three things." He points at the ceiling. "This is probably not the best time to do this, and I really don't want to face a monster while hot and bothered." he says jokingly.

Nancy smirks at him as she grinds down purposefully on him. This draws another groan from Jonathan, and she climbs off his lap to sit beside him. "That's two."

"What?" Jonathan asks distractedly.

"That's two things. You said there were three."

"Oh." Jonathan smiles softly at her and tucks a stray strand of her hair behind her ear. "You're hurting. About Steve, and about Barb." At Nancy's confused look, he continues. "I just... I didn't want you to do something you'll regret later."

Nancy stares up at Jonathan, and she realizes something. This boy, was terrified of hurting her. All his cute little warnings, telling her that she didn't have to do this, or cut herself if she didn't want to. He didn't want to see her hurt, and it makes her heart melt. She raises her bandaged hand up, touching his face as she looks into his chocolate brown eyes. "I've done a lot of questionable things in my life... some of which I regret dearly." she whispers. She then shakes her head as she caresses his cheek. "Being here with you, not knowing what the hell will happen when that thing decides to show up, I have never been so sure of anything in my life. Spending what could possibly be my last moments alive with you, is something I could never regret." she then leans up and kisses him softly. It's short, really just a peck, but she made sure he knew that she meant what she said. "I kissed you because I wanted to, Jonathan... and don't you ever forget that."

Jonathan breathes a soft sigh of relief as he drops his head forward and presses it against Nancy's. "Good. Because I probably would've cried a little if you agreed with what I'd said."

Nancy grins and pecks him on the cheek. "Well, I'm glad—". she cuts herself off as all the lights in the house begin to flicker. The young

couple practically spring to their feet, taking hold of their weapons from the table as they get into a back-to-back position.

"You ready?" Jonathan asks Nancy.

Nancy shakes her head as her eyes search for signs of the monster.
"No. You?"

"No." Jonathan replies. "But we have to be." he says as his eyes dart around the living room.

"Yeah." Nancy says nervously. Nothing has yet to jump out at them, so she chooses that time to turn quickly and grab at Jonathan's shoulder, turning him around. She quickly presses a kiss to his lips before pulling away and turning back to her side. "If we make it out alive, you owe me a date at the movies."

Jonathan grins. "Horror?"

"Not if you want to continue what you stopped just minutes ago."

Jonathan snorts. "Rom-com it is."

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A Week Later

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Things haven't really gone back to normal, but that's a given. Nancy and Jonathan spend nearly every waking moment together, and sometimes even sleep together. Word had spread quickly about their new budding romance, which Steve kind of just ignored after Nancy officially broke off their relationship.

It's Friday, and Jonathan is nervous. Not only is it going to be his first time on a real date, Nancy also left a hint in his locker about what the end of their date could lead to. The brown haired boy digs into the back pocket of his trousers and pulls out a baby blue, lacy thong. He never took her for someone who wears such things, but it's not a bad thing. Especially since it's Nancy. He pushes the lacy fabric back into his pocket and stares at his reflection in the mirror. He had

chosen to wear something formal for their first date, but now he's wishing he'd worn something a little more casual. He doesn't want to give off the vibe that he's too excited about this date.

A knock at his bedroom door pulls him from his thoughts, and he turns to find his mom standing in the doorway, smiling widely at him.

He smiles back, then frowns when his mom's face scrunches up. Tears begin to collect in her eyes, and he quickly goes to her. "Mom, what's wrong?"

Joyce shakes her head as she pulls her son into a hug. He's so much taller and bigger than her now. "Nothing." She shakes her head, sniffing as she wipes her tears away. "I just..." She trails off and looks him up and down proudly. "It feels like just yesterday when you were just a 5 year old boy, running around the house, singing 'Stayin' Alive' in your underwear." She smiles, then lets out a soft sob. "Now my little boy is all grown up, going on his first date!"

Jonathan laughs softly and kisses her forehead. "Mom, even when I'm forty with a beard and children of my own, I'll always be your little boy. Will and I will always be your little boys."

Joyce sniffs and pulls away to straighten her son's tie. He looks really handsome in his crisp, light blue shirt, black tie, and matching black trousers. She smiles up at him and shakes her head. "No matter what, I will always be proud of you and the man you've become." She whispers.

Jonathan beams with pride, his eyes misting up as he asks, "Better than Dad?" He asks half seriously.

Joyce laughs softly. "A billion times better... you're more of a man now than he'll ever be."

Jonathan smiles widely and pulls her in for one more hug. After several moments of silence, he pulls away and wipes his eyes. "Let's stop being so emotional. I don't want Nancy to wonder why I've been crying before our first date." He jokes.

Nancy laughs as they start walking to the door. "Say hello to her for me." She calls as Jonathan leaves the house and walks to the car.

He nods, smiling as he waves her off.

Jonathan kills the engine when he parks in front of Nancy's house. Checking quickly that his hair isn't all over the place, he finally grabs the flowers he picked up from the local florist, and jumps out of the car.

He takes a deep breath as he approaches the front door of the Wheeler's residence. He stops at the door, looking down to make sure his clothes aren't wrinkled, before finally ringing the doorbell and waiting nervously.

He knows he made the right decision in asking Nancy's parents first for permission to date their daughter. They had been skeptical and worried at first, but after Nancy explained to them that he was not like most boys (going as far as telling them that *he* had stopped *her* from kissing him), the Wheeler's finally agreed that they could date, but always keep the doors open when they're studying together, and (her fathers suggestion) use protection no matter what. Needless to say, he was free to come and go as he pleases.

After several moments, the door finally swings open, revealing Mrs. Wheeler. "Jonathan!" she smiles widely and pulls him in for a quick hug.

"Hi, Mrs. Wheeler." he greets with a smile.

"Oh," she playfully swats at him. "I told you to call me Karen." She Then looks him up and down and smiles in approval. "You look very handsome."

Jonathan smiles widely and thanks her, before subtly looking around the entrance and up the stairs.

"Nancy!" Karen calls up the stairs.

"Yeah mom?"

"Jonathan's here, Sweetie!"

There's a pause before Jonathan hears Nancy call, "Coming!"

Karen grins at him and offers him water or juice, which he politely declines, explaining that he'd already drunk some water on his way there. Several minutes later, Jonathan hears the soft thuds of footsteps coming down the stairs, and he turns his head up, just in time to see Nancy emerge from the turn in the staircase.

His breath hitches in his throat as his eyes feast on the beautiful girl coming down the stairs. Nancy, though always looking good in literally anything, looked absolutely breathtaking in her light blue dress, and small black wrap, draped around her shoulders. Her hair is laid in elegant curls down her back, and her make up is light. Jonathan clears his throat and blinks rapidly when she finally reaches the bottom of the stairs.

"You look... amazing." Jonathan whispers in awe. He holds up the flowers he brought for her and grins. "These are for you."

Smiling at him, Nancy takes the flowers, thanking him before handing them to her mom's outstretched hand. She then hugs him quickly and pulls away to place a quick kiss to his lips. The clearing of her mother's throat pulls them both away from each other.

"Drive safe, be safe, and have fun." Karen tells them as they walk out the door. She smiles at the two as they nod in compliance.

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"Finally." Nancy groans as soon as they jump in Jonathan's car.

Jonathan looks over curiously. "What?"

Nancy shakes her head and looks at him. "My mom has not left my side all day, trying to make sure I look good for our date." she rolls her eyes playfully. "She likes you way too much."

Jonathan chuckles. "She said I looked very handsome."

Nancy narrows her eyes playfully at her boyfriend. "Oh, so you were flirting with her?"

Jonathan smirks at her, "She's a lovely woman, but your dad would kill me." He shrugs. "I guess you'll have to do." He says jokingly, earning him a smack to the arm. "Ow." He laughs.

Nancy leans over, pulling his face towards her and kissing him hard. When she pulls away, she looks at him seriously and whispers suggestively, "Just for that joke, I'm going to tease you mercilessly tonight."

Jonathan pouts. "I was only kidding!"

Nancy smirks at him. "Were you?"

Jonathan nods at her and raises his right hand. "Scouts honor."

Nancy pretends to think as she stares at him. "Fine. If tonight goes well, I'll consider letting you off the hook." She winks.

Jonathan grins widely at that. "Deal. No backsies!" He points at her, making her laugh at the term.

"Backsies?"

Jonathan shrugs at her. "It's a legitimate term. *Everyone* uses it."

Nancy giggles and quirks an eyebrow at him. "Name one person who says 'backsies'."

Jonathan pauses and scratches his head before replying with, "Will."

"Will?" Nancy smirks. "He's 12."

Jonathan grins at her. "Yeah, But he's still a person, so... no backsies."

Nancy couldn't help it. Her boyfriend is just too damned cute, so she leans forward and kisses him again. "Fine. But I won't be easily swayed."

Jonathan laughs at that as he finally puts the car into reverse and pulls out of the driveway. "Nancy Wheeler, get ready to have your mind blown."

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A/N: I could've written their entire date and aftermath, but I'm lazy and I really didn't want to overdo it with the sap. Please don't hate me. Anyways, this is for all the Jancy shippers. Hope you all like it! On another note, Stranger Things Season 2 drops on the 27th! Yay! Thanks for reading this, and pls review!

-McDiggin'It